

115.

Then why should Reason judge that,
reasonless ;
Which is Wit's Offspring, and the work
of Art,
Image of Concord, and of Comeliness ?
Who sees a clock moving in every part,
A sailing pinnacle, or a wheeling cart;
But thinks that Reason, ere it
came to pass, The first
impulsive cause and mover
was r

116.

Who sees an army all in rank
advance. But deems a wise
Commander is in place, Which
leadeth on that brave victorious
dance ? Much more in Dancing's
Art, in Dancing's grate. Blindness
itself may Reason's footsteps
trace !
For of Love's Maze, it is the curious
plot;
A nd of Man's Fellowship the true-
love knot i

117-

But if these eyes of yours (Loadstars of
Love !
Shewing the world's great Dance to
your mind's eye)
Cannot, with all their demonstrations,
move
Kind apprehension in your Phantasy
Of Dancing's virtue and nobility ;
How can my barbarous tongue win
you thereto, Which heaven's and
earth's fair speech could never do /

118.

O LOVE / my King! If all my Wit and
power
Have done you all the service that they
can ;
O be you present, in this present hour,
And help your servant and your true
liegeman[†]
End that persuasion, which I erst began
I
For who in praise of Dancing can
persuade
With such sweet force, as LOVE,
which Dancing made !